

NEWS, *From the Land of* CHIVALRY.

Containing

The Pleasant and Delectable HISTORY:

And, the Wonderful and Strange Adventures

OF

Don Rugero de Strangemento, K^t of the Squeaking Fiddle-stick:

And, of several other Pagan Knights and Ladies.

CHAP. I.

How Don Rugiero de Strangemento was born, and how his Birth was predicted by strange Prodigies, and how the Sage Shiptonia prophesied of the same.

IT is now about sixty and odd years since the Birth of the most famous and renowned Knight, *Don Rugiero de Strangemento*, and *Sol* had so many times past and repast the Equinoctial line with his flaming Chariot, since the aforesaid Knight first peep'd into the World: 'twas then a time of Peace, and great Quiet throughout the Land, and the Knights and Ladies plaid together at Span-farthing, and at Puffi-pin before their Castles, without any fear or dread, for the Land was in quiet under a right Christian King, and few Gyants were travelling after adventures, and the Necromancers and the Pagan Kts. were fain to disguise themselves, or fly the land of *Chivalry*. But upon the Birth of this Renowned Knight *Sir Strangemento*, the Welkin began to appear all of a fire, fiery dragons and serpents were seen in the Sky, and strange Voices and howlings were heard in the Air, with several other Prodigies that ushered in the Birth of this most famous Knight, to the no small amazement of his Parents, the Knight of the *Pulpit*, and the fair and debonair *Magabetha*, who dream'd, the night before she was brought to bed, That she was delivered of a Dragon, that spit fire throughout the Land, and burnt up several Christians that stood in its way. Upon this his Parents being sorely troubled, had recourse to an ancient Book of a mighty Inchantress, called the sage *Shiptonia*, and having long perused the same, they found out a clear Prophecie of the renowned Infant, not then born, which ran in these words.

*Full of mickle Wo shall the Land be,
'Till born is the Flower of Chivalry,
Gyant and Dwarf, and many a Knight,
Shall be o'recome by him in fight:
But, wo alas, and well-a-day,
Two Crows in a Gutter for him shall stay,
And to Papapamento bear him away.*

After the Knight of the *Pulpit* had consider'd this ancient Prophecie, of the sage *Shiptonia*: he very well understood it concern'd his Son, that was not yet born: and with weeping Eyes, he

told his wondring Lady, the fair and debonair *Magabetha*, That he perceiv'd, that this his Son, of which she then went, should prove a most famous and renowned Knight, but, at the last he should turn *Pagan*, for that *Papapamento* was the great God of the *Pagans*; and had his Temple in *Romania*: and that the two Crows signified two black Priests, belonging to *Papapamento*, whilst the Knight of the *Pulpit*, with his spectacles on, was interpreting the Prophecy of the sage *Shiptonia*, concerning his Son; the debonair *Magabetha*, with the affright of her Sons Misfortunes, and the many Prodigies attending; fell into Labour, which lasted as some Historians relate 250 dayes, but as others more likely say, 'twas only so many hours, but the learned Historian *Montelion* Knight of the *Oracle* comes nearest the Truth, and he relates in his Collection of *Memorable Births*, that it was just 250 minutes and an half, and a third part of a digit: upon the delivery of the debonair *Magabetha*, to the great joy of all that were by; the Knight of the *Pulpit* being a right Christian Knight, caused his Son to be Christned, and, because of his strange and wonderful Birth, to be ycliped *Don Rugiero de Strangemento*, and also because some of his Kindred would have had him strangled, by reason of the Prophecie of the sage *Shiptonia*, which said he should turn *Pagan*. But the Knight of the *Pulpit* would not yield thereto, since it was decreed otherwayes by the *Book of Fate*.

CHAP. II.

How 3 Inchantresses appear'd to the fair Magabetha, and how they brought most admirable Presents to the Infant Rugiero, and what followed thereupon.

IN process of time, the Infant *Rugiero* grew apace, and one day the fair *Magabetha* his Mother sitting upon a Stone, in the Sun-shine, before the Gate of her Castle, cleaning the Posteriors of her Son, who had bewrayed himself; there appeared before her 3 old Inchantresses, and the first approaching her, spake after this manner. Most Debonnair Lady, finding in the hidden and mystical Books of *Cacodemon*, the great and famous Necromancer, the many perilous Adventures, that this thy Son the Infant *Rugiero* is like to go through, we have by the Command and Inspiration of the mighty *Belzebub*, Prince of *Inferniora*, come to present him

some implements that shall make him most famous through all the Land of Chivalry, and shall make both Christians and Pagans adore him as a God. The fair *Magabetha* was pleased to hear the words of this Inchantress, and received her right courteously and debonairly, who thereupon pulled out from under her Mantle, a strange kind of an Instrument, made of thin hollow boards, almost in the fashion of a long Mince Pie, with a long neck, at the end whereof was Carved the Image of the little Infant *Rugiero*, so like, that the Mother knew it, and about its Neck stuck out peggs on each side, almost like to a Ruff, from whence went six Strings all along the Belly of the Instrument, and towards the Tail of it, passed severally over a wooden Bridge, and at the end was fastned to a thing almost like a Lobsters tail: This Instrument the Inchantress told the fair *Magabetha*, was called a *Base Viol*, and she having look't upon it a long time, having never seen the like before, and the Infant laying his hands upon it, began right gently to play with it, when the next old Inchantress approaching the fair *Magabetha*, and the Infant *Rugiero*, spake after this manner. *Right Debonair Lady, The Instrument my Sister hath here presented to your young Son, from the Prince Belzebuba, is of more worth than you imagine, and by this your Son the Infant shall perform many strange Adventures, and put end to divers Inchantments, for which he shall be most famous, for all that hear the sound thereof, shall be forced to follow him wherever he pleases, and he shall be able to Inchant both Knights and Ladies, and make the Beasts and Birds, and Trees and Rocks to follow him. But you must know that it is useles without this Instrument which I here present you.* With that she pluck't from under her Mantle a thing almost like a Bow, such as the Knights use to shoot their Arrows in the time of War, from one end to the other, it standing something bent, was fastned certain Magical Hairs, drawn from Horses tails, and taking a Ball which she held in her left hand, made of an Inchaned matter called *Rozin*, she rubb'd the Magical hairs with it, and gave the Instrument, which she termed a *Fiddle-Stick*, into the hand of young *Rugiero*, who taking it right debonairly, laid it over the Inchaned Strings of the Viol, which were made of the Guts of Witches turned into Cats, and so moving his hand up and down by Inchantment, the Instrument began to squeak out aloud, upon which the fair *Magabetha* clapping her hands for Joy, cry'd out, *Oh thou shalt be called the Knight of the Squeaking Fiddle-Stick.* After the Infant had made it to squeak for some time, and being well pleased with the noise, and that the 3 Inchantresses had Danced the Heigh, and a Magical Jigg, capering in the Air 7 yards above the ground, to the admiration of the fair *Magabetha*, the third Inchantress came towards her, and desiring the Infant to lay aside his squeaking Fiddle-Stick, presented him with

a strange sort of Instrument, pull'd from the right Wing of a Gander that King *Pluto* kept in his River *Stryx*, King of the *Strygian* Strands, of most wonderful force and virtue; this Quill at one end of it was made sharp, almost like a scoop, with a little slit at the end of it, the just length of *Plurges* little Toe, and being thus shaped by *Pluto's* own Corn-cutter, ycliped it a *Pen*: then taking out of a Pouch an Horn, made of *Cerberus* his Antletoes, into which *Lucifer*, the great *Soldan* of black *Abyssa*, had put some of his black Liquor that fills the Mote of his large Palled *Hellonia*, she presented these things to the Infant with these Words. *Tho' in your younger days you shall grow famous for your Adventures of the Squeaking Fiddle stick, yet you shall afterwards grow Immortal by these renowned Instruments, for by this ycliped a Pen, and by this ycliped Ink, you shall be more famous than the renowned Knight, that flower of all Chivalry, Don Quixot, the Knight of the Windmill, and with this Inchaned Lawnce you shall overthrow all the Knights and Gyants, that you shall just wish, and it shall be stronger than the Lance of Hector, or of the renowned King Arthur, or Sir Lancelot du Lake. With that she put the mighty Weapon, called the *Goose-Quill*, into the right hand of the Infant, and the Horn with the black Liquor in the other, and before him she spread a white sheet like a Napkin, called Paper, made of *Proserpinas* Smock, the Wife of Prince *Pluto*, and immediately the young Infant began of himself to write, being Magically Inspired, and his Mother looking on and wondring to see the agility of her little Infant drawing Characters in the white sheet, called Paper, and reading aloud those words which the Infant had so nimbly and naturally drawn by Inspiration of the Magical Instruments, she found they were these most significant Charms; *You Sons of Whores, Dogs, Currs, Bitches, Rogues, Rascals, Monkeys, Parrats, Owls, Devils, Rake-hells, Fanaticks, and Presbyterians*: At these last Words being pronounced, the *Welkin* began to Thunder and rend in pieces, and the three Inchantresses turning into Flawes of Fire, vanished from the sight of the affrighted *Magabetha*, who flinging the Infant *Rugiero* about her Neck, and bidding him hold fast, she hastily got all his Inchaned instruments into her Lap the tools of his future Fame and Glory, and hasted with her Son a pick pack, with all speed into her Castle for shelter.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO all Lords, Knights, Esquires, Ladies, Citizens and Countrymen, of high and low degree, that if they desire the continuance of the famous and delectable Adventures of *Rugiero de Strangemento*, that they would restifie the same, by sealing these Presents with a penny; and if we find that by your many Seals to these Presents, that it be acceptable to you, we shall continue the whole Story of the most Adventurous Knights Life, which we suppose epitomised, may amount to about 24 sheets of Paper; and may last so many Weeks for your Diversions: But if it should be written at large, and all his wonderful Adventures related, would exceed all *Plutarch's* Lives, and make about 24000 Reams of Paper.

LONDON, Printed for I. P. 1681.

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CHAP. III.

How the Infant Rugiero was sent to School, and how his Master taught him all the Liberal Arts and Sciences.

THE Infant *Rugiero* daily growing up a sturdy Lad, as a mark of his great desire to Learning, he used to tear all the Books he could lay his hands on, which made his Father say; taking notice of his great forwardness, that he would be *Hellicon Librorum*; therefore, that he might betimes impregnate his Fancy, like a good Christian Knight, he put him to School to a very Learned and Sage Magician, who taught other Infants of the Land of *Chivalry*; The Sage Magician finding him not very apt to learn the Christian Languages, and loved nothing so well as the Art of Railing, he began to instruct him with all diligence, and having read to him all *Rabshake's* Art of Railing, he furnished him with several other Books, which he found he delighted in, and found him so good a proficient, that this Magitian hoped in time to make him as skilful in all the seven Liberal Sciences as himself. The next Book he read to him was a large Treatise of skilful Lying, which he almost got by heart. And after he had grounded him in false Invention, and read somewhat to him of the Myteries of Numbers, and the Cabalistical decertations on the Number 41, he advanced him to other more profound Knowledge, and shewed him how to Conjure up the Spirits of Queries, Doubts, and Scruples, and to lay them when he had done, and also to fight at Dialogues, with *Cerberus* or *Garagantua*, or any Gyant, Knight or Devil. He also shewed him how to go Invisible, and in a little time made the most hopeful Infant *Rugiero*, well qualified to attend on any Pagan Soldan, or Christian Potentate.

CHAP. IV.

How the Infant Rogiero stole from his Master his Conjuring Cap: How he raised the Devil, and how he made a Voyage to the World in the Moon.

THE Sage Magician, having now great hopes of his Schollar, had newly began to read to him the Politicks of *Jack Adams*, when the unhappy Infant *Rugiero* served him a very slippery Trick. Quoth he to himself, *This Master of mine is a great Necromancer, and I perceive he hides much of his Art from me, but I will be even with him; for I perceive, when he has laid aside his Conjuring Cap, he is like other men; I am resolved therefore to steal his black Thrumm'd Cap, and his little Wand, and Arm my head and hand, and see what I can do then*: With this he steals one Night into his Masters Closer, when he was gone to rest, and taking away his Conjuring Cap and Wand, he put one upon his Head, and the other into his right Hand; presently his head grew dizzy, all the World turned round, and a Thousand Ghosts began to appear, his Tongue uttered strange words, that sounded like the gratings of Iron, or the loud squeaking of Cart-wheels, his hand drawing a Circle with his Wand, presently a mighty Devil arose, called *Toroquidillon*; who was shaggy like a Goat, but roared like a Bull, which so affrighted the Infant, that he let fall his conjuring Wand, which *Toroquidillon* perceiving, asked the Infant, wherefore he had raised him from the Center? and that if he did not employ him presently, he would tare him to pieces; with that the Infant quakeing for fear, told him he had a mind to send him to the World in the Moon, to fetch him a Bottle of Clarret, from the man with the Bush at his back. *Toroquidillon* told him, That if he would, he would carry him up himself, and bring him safe back again; and that he then might brag of his Travels. The Infant having a Months mind to the Voyage, hoping to get more fame than *Sir Draco* for compassing this World, consented; and placing his two Legs about *Toroquidillon's* Neck, and his

Rump upon a bunch that grew between his Shoulders, like a Camels, he sat very steadfastly, holding with both his hands by *Toroquidillon's* Horns, he look'd as if he had been at the Helm of Government, and steering the Ship of the Commonwealth through the Air. For *Toroquidillon* flew upward like Lightning, towards the Moon, and cut the Region of the Air with his head as one would cut Soap. The Infant seem'd much pleas'd with his Voyage, and pass'd along all the Regions of the Air, in less than three minutes and an half, till they came to a most curious Land, which he thought had been the Moon, for he saw several Rivers run with Milk, and others with Honey, and whole Ponds of Plum pottage and Barly growel; with Ducks and Geese ready roasted, swimming in them. All the Trees were hung with Black Puddings and Sawcidges, and all the Herbage was Eringoes and Angelica ready Candied: Upon this the Infant asked *Toroquidillon* if this were the Moon, who answer'd him no; but that it was the usual baiting place, for such who Travell'd to the Moon, and where all sorts of Lunaticks were entertained, and was called the *Fools Paradise*. Presently there appeared three great Princes, *Will Summers*, *Archer* and *Jack Adams*, who bid *Rugiero* welcome, and shew'd him the Extents of their Dominions, which were far larger than *Prester Johns*. Here *Rugiero* having refresh'd himself, had confabulation with these three Princes, of whom he learnt several secret Mystery's, belonging to the Science of Fooling, growing very dexterous and expert, accounting this Knowledge worthy his Journey. But whilst he was at his repast, *Toroquidillon* like an Hellish Dog as he was, having brought him to *Fools Paradise*, left him to get out of it as well as he could; however *Rugiero* having drunk deeply of a pond of burnt Brandy, had inspir'd his Spirits with so much Courage, that he was resolv'd to prosecute his Voyage to the Moon, and asking the Advice of the 3 Sages, *Jack Adams* shew'd him a long Ladder which reach'd up from that place to the Moon; the upper part of the Ladder being fastn'd to the Moon; and told him that the World was mistaken in their Opinions of the Moon, for that it was nothing but a great Globe of Curds, or Green Cheese, and that the Whey that compass'd this Globe of Curd, was that which darkn'd that side of the Moon every Month, and that by jogg'g that long Ladder (it being the employment of the Inhabitants of that Land, so many by turns) at set appointed hours they jogg'd the Whey from one side of the Globe of Curds to the other, and then the Curd, or outside of the Green Cheese, by degrees shewing it self to the Sun, shone so clearly in its Full to the other World, and the Whey was jogg'd on the other side, which by degrees was again brought about, and so hid the Curd,

which was the Cause of the increase and waining of the Moon. *Rugiero* admiring this excellent Knowledge, resolv'd to get up the Ladder, and to fetch his Cap full of the Curds to make Cheese-cake, that when he return'd, he might convince by Demonstration, that the Moon was made of Green Cheese; so up he mounted, and was quickly out of sight, progressing by degrees towards the Moon, but the time of jogg'g the Ladder, to jogg the Moon, being come, and he being got out of sight, though he had not mounted half the Ladder, they jogg'd it so rudely, that poor *Rugiero* was flung down from the Ladder, and his Conjuring Cap falling from his Head, he fell down through the Air as swift as he pass'd up, when he rode on the back of *Toroquidillon*; and at last, as good luck would have it, fell upon a great heap of Sand in the Land of *Chivalry*, but he got a great knock on the head, and both his eyes were almost put out with the Sand, so that he could never since see Wood from Trees, or Truth from Error, and once every Moon he talks very Idly: What became of him after this Wonderful Adventure, we will shew you in the next.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is lately gone forth of the Land of *Chivalry*, a very puissant Giant, called *Hercules Ridens*; in quest of 4 Christian Knights, *Sir Hariso*, *Sir Smitho*, *Sir Careo*, and *Sir Curtiso*, all which he hath sworn to Devour as a morsel, and that the aforesaid Christian Knights, and all others may beware of the said Pagan and fell Giant, we shall give you his Description. He is a very grim fellow, something like *Gogmagog*, of a Pagan strain, his Head is as big as the Tun of *Heidelburgh*, being full of fume and smoak, which turns at least 300 Wind-mills, that keep a fearful noise. His Eyes are bigger than the late Comet, and can see through the Heart and Guts of any person. He hath a great forked Tongue, and speaks Dialoguist, or Pagan Pro and Con; Speaks, and Answers himself. He has two strange Paws or Hands, bigger than the Shoulder of an Ox, the right Paw is yclipped *Jest*, in which he carries Rods made up of Punns, Quibbles, and jocular Queries; his left is yclipped *Earnest*, in which he carries the dreadful fly-flap of *Forty One*, and attended on by a rabble of doubts, queries and scruples. This fell Giant, very lately set Sail in the Ship of a certain Knight called *B. T.* well Gunn'd by a Knight *H. B.* who suffer'd in Effigie, and the said Giant has promis'd the aforesaid Knight *B. T.* that for a reward of his Freight, he shall have his *Rebus* hung at *Towzers Tail*. The said Giant and his Retinue loaded the whole Ship so deep, that the Master thereof, the Knight *B. T.* had much ado to get stowage for a Fardel of his own, wherein he had laid up the whole Mystery of Iniquity, which he intends to sell Weekly by Inch of Candle.

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CHAP. V.

How Don Rugero returned home to his Father, and how he baffled his Master, and made him be turn'd out of Doors.

AFTER that *Don Rugero* had shaken his ears and recovered himself from his fall, he got up into an high Tree, to discover some Town, Place, or Village to resort to, and having a very quick Sight, he espied about 200 Leagues from him, the top of a Steeple, which by the Cross on the top of it, he knew stood in the Land of *Norfolchia*, not far from his Father's Cattle. Being full glad to find himself in his own Country, he descended, and hied homeward as fast as he could, all the way he went meditating what he should say to his Father, and remembering some of his Precepts taught him by his Master, he resolv'd to use the figure of *Turning Cat in Pan*, and to shew a piece of Rhetorick to his Father: At last home he came, full weary after his Journey, but after the good Knight of the Pulpit had given him his Blessing, he demanded of him the reason why he was come from School, then *Rugero* very well remembering the rule of contraries, told him that his Master was run away, and that 'twas thought the Devil had carried him into the World in the Moon, and therefore he was come from School, having learnt as much as he was able to teach him; but as he was telling this Story to the Knight of the Pulpit, who believed him, the sage Magician, his Master, came in a-doors, to complain to the Knight of the Pulpit of the Wickedness of his Son *Rugero*, and to lay Felony to his Charge, for stealing his Conjuring Cap: *Don Rugero* seeing his Master come to confront him, was a little startled at first, but rubbing his Face with a Handkerchief he had in his Pocket, sent him as a Present from *Queen Patch*, when he was in *Fools Paradise*, and which was called *Impudence*, his Face shined like Brass, inasmuch that his Master scarce knew him, but desired him to take off his Visard mask; at which *Don Rugero* fell into a loud Laughter, and with his little fence of *Pro and Con*, and certain Lessons out of the *Art of Lying*, a Treatise of *ouifacing*, and of *Forswearing*, wrote by *Diavolo Pater Noster*, he so baffled his Master that he fell a Crying; the old Knight of the Pulpit and *Magabetha* rejoiced at the cunning of their Son, to see him able to deal with his Master, the sage Magician, whom

they Comforted, tho' by the Art of perswasion, *Don Rugero* made them turn him at last out of Doors for an Impostor, and as one that had wrongfully accused the most worthy *Don Rugero*, who laughed in his Sleeve at this Adventure.

CHAP. VI.

How Don Rugero went a Wool-gathering, and how his Father in his Absence Burnt all his Books.

THE Knight of the Pulpit finding the great pregnancy of his Son *Don Rugero*, and his great eagerness for Learning, he sent him to be fully instructed in all Arts and Sciences, to the most famous Colledge of *Goatham*, where he had not been very long, to the great Charge of his Father, it having cost him about 300000 pence in furnishing his Library, but the Wars of *Albion* broke out, and all the Scholars of that famous Colledge returned home to shelter them from the fury of the Pagan Soldiers, there being great Wars between the Christians and Pagans in the Land of *Chivalry*. *Don Rugero* being returned home, with at least 300 Fardels of Books, his Father and the fair *Magabetha* received him kindly, and built a fair Study, with shelves for his Books to stand on, being still desirous *Rugero* should follow his Learning, in which place he spent most part of his time, except when he was at his exercises to recreate himself, the chief of which was Cockall and Pushpin, and Nine-holes, with the Damofels and Squires belonging to the Knight of the Pulpit, and sometimes he exercised the more manlike Exercises of Trap-ball and Juggle-Cat, with great Courage and Debonarity. But one day when the studious *Rugero* was gone a Wool-gathering, which he often did, gathering the Sheeps Fleece from Inchanted Brambles and Briers, to apply to his head, for ever since his fall from *Fools Paradise*, the bruise of his head growing worse and worse, certain excrescencies of Wit, which he took to be his Brains, every Full Moon purged out, which he suckt up with this Inchant-ed Wool, and as I have said, being now gone about this employment, sauntering in the Fields, the K^t of the Pulpit was desirous to visit his Sons Study, and to view his Library, for Disputing lately with *Rugero* about the Christian and Pagan Religion, he found that his Son seemed to lean much towards the Principles of the Pagans, and that he quoted readily several Authors he never had been acquainted with, when himself had Studied, and

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there;

therefore thinking the methods of Study much changed, he was very desirous to see the Books his Son made use of, fearing much lest they should pervert him to the Pagans Religion, according to the Prophecie of the sage *Shiptonia*. Going then into the Study of his Son, and putting on his Spectacles, he saw that *Rugiero* was a very neat man, and that his shelves were full of Books, and plac'd in very good Order, first folios, quartos, octavos, duodecimos, decimosextos, &c. and then they were divided into several Topicks, as Divinity, Ethics, Mathematicks, History, Poetry, Necromancy, &c. all which he intended to view, but first on the right hand hung up his Inchant'd Viol, and the squeaking Fiddle-stick, to which he had made an ingenious Case of a Goats skin with the hair on, that he might carry it abroad with him without hurting it; on the left hand of his Study hung up his immortalizing Pen, to which he had artificially made a Case of a Broom staff, made hollow, to put the upper part of his renowned Pen, and the lower part was a piece of a Cows horn, fitted very artfully with a screw, in which he put his Stygian Liquor, with some of an old Satyrs hair that grew under his Tail, the out-side of which he had neatly Carved like a flag'd Broom, so that when it was screw'd to the other part of the Broom-stick, it lookt exactly like a Broom; the Knight of the Pulpit drawing nearer, to view more exactly this rarity of his Sons and taking it in his hand, it sunk so, that he was almost Poysoned, for you must know that *Don Rugiero* being often troubled with the Squirr, had made use of the smaller end of his penner, instead of a Plug, to stop his backside, the bushy part of the Broom sticking out at his Tail like a Cork in the hole of a Barrel, and when he found he had great need, he down'd with his Breeches, & turning up his Bum, he suddenly pluckt forth this Plug or Broom-staff, and then he would let fly sometimes 2 or 300 Leagues, and bedight Travellers so far, that they could not see from whence this murky shower fell, but thought it rained Hony, and all this by means of his ingenious Plug the Broom staff. The Knight of the Pulpit admiring at the strong scent left it, and proceeded to look over some of his Sons Books, and for that they were many, he took down two three under every head. And first he began with his Divinity; most of which were Polemical, among the rest were, *The Vizard of Honesty*, *The Turn-Coat Conscience*, *The Latitudinarian Salvation*, *The Masquers Religion*, *The Cripple of Humility*, *Two Churches for a Crippled Conscience*, viz. Honour and Gain. *The Fly-Flap of Devotion*, wrote by Dr. Turncoat Chancellor to the University of Gotham. *Traſſatus de ſchraſchando paſiſticum Succellorem*, *The Flimflams of Sentences in five Tomes*, *The Pick-lock of Theology*, and the ſnoozing-horn of Contemplation, wrote by Dr. *Dunce*. The old man shaking his Head at these learned Books, flung his Spectacles off his Nose, and had like to have broke them, but taking them up, wiping them, and putting them upon his Nose, he proceeded to look

over his Morals: there he found, *The Art of For-nication in 3 Volumns*, wrote by *Aretine* with his postures cut to every leaf. *Eſcols de ſils*. *The Art of Pocket Driving*, by *Mal Cut-purse*. *The true feeling of Bandery* by *Monſieur Ballio*. *The Pandects of Heliogabalus*. *Converſion with Beasts*, wrote by *Mris Paſaphae Mſſalinus*. *Morals*. *Joan of Naples modiſh Manners*: among which were ſome Law-Books: viz. *The Statute of holding the Noſe to the Grindſtone*. *Cases of the Preſſ ſuppreſt*, by *Monſieur Crackſart*. *Brooms new Returns Brevium*. *Cackle-wit on the Law*. *The Tyrannick Holdfaſt*. *The Turkiſh Looking-Glaſs*. *The French Example*. *Mathematicks*. *The Tre-vet of Parallelograms*. *The Cobbleſhooe of Cats-guts*. *The Readings of the Colledg of Gorham on needleſs Points*. *Queſtio ſubtiliſſima de faciendō Maſquerettas*. *Hiſtory. Tom Thum in folio*. *The Seven Wiſe Maſters*. *The Hiſtory of the Lives of Mamaminchy and Punchanello*. *The natural Hiſtory of Blaſts*. *The Deſcription of Luberland and Fools Para-diſe*, a Manuſcript wrote by himſelf. *The Hiſtory of Queen Mab and Robin Goodfellow*. *The Life of the Cardinal of Heſſ*, and of the good Popes, both in twenty four s. Poetry abundance: Some of which the old Knight had patience to turn over; as, *The Garland of Good-will*: *Ros of delight*: *Pink of Conveſy*: *Nutmeg of Comfort*: all wrote by *Sapho's maid*. *Chivy Chace*, and the *Black-Smith in 12 Volumns*, wrote by the French Poet *Nemo*. *The Water-Poets Works*. *Arſ tricatandi*, a learned Poem of *Sheeps Tritles*. *Cymbals for Ladies*, and *Poſies for Rings* by the knight of the *Manca*. *The Devil for Godſake*, a very artiſtial Poem by *Degruvedo*. *Necromancy*. *The way of Conjuring up Queries To raiſe the Ghoſts of Scruples and Doubts*. *Dr. Fauſtus his Black Art*. *Gadburies Fortune-telling Schemes*. *The Reverſion of years*. *Black Notes on 41*. *The way to raiſe up the Devil of Evil Deeds*. *How to Metamorphiſe Men into Beasts*. *The true way to change Shapes*. *The way to turn Men into Aſſes*: *How to Conjure honeſt Men into Knaves*. *How to make Queſ-tions answer themſelves*. *The true way of Dialoguing*, wrote by a Fairy nam'd *Eccho*. *Charmes for ſeveral Uſes*. The old Knight, by this time, being in a great Sweat for fear of raiſing the Devil, his hair ſtood an End when the fair *Magdebertha* came to ſee why he ſtaied ſo long in her Sons ſtudy, and finding him in that terror, ſhe ran to fetch him ſome Cordial, which a little comfort-ing his heart, he declared the whole Buſineſs to *Magdebertha*, who was much troubled at this Pa-gan Study of her Sons, and both at laſt reſolv'd to burn all his Books, to ſee if that way they might reclaim him, and immediately Cauſing all his Squires and Damſels to make a great fire, in the yard of his Caſtle, he cauſed the Whole Pagan Library of his Son *Don Rugiero* to be put into the Flames. But what inſued upon this diſmal Sacri-fice, you ſhall have in the next Chapter.